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Falconer Jones and the Moths of Doom



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Chapter 1 by George Langham

Falconer Jones, Metaphysics Professor and Explorer, was not often one to run from danger. Right now, he was running away at the fastest his legs could carry him.

"Hassocks!" shouted Falconer, "they're after us! What would Richard Feynman do?"

Chapter 2 by Harlander



Attacus atlas calamitosa, the Moth of Doom. With a wingspan the length of a '36 Studebaker Dictator, razor-sharp antennae and a taste for human blood, one of these beasts was Trouble with a capital T, and now a half-dozen of them were bearing down on our intrepid heroes.

"Forget about Feynman!" Hassocks yelled. "What would Tom Tobin do?" The wiry half-Czech yelled, pulling a pistol from his coat and firing wildly at the whispering, furry cloud of death. The moths simply flapped their great wings even harder, and the blast of wind deflected the bullets.

The shimmering, multi-coloured patterns of the deadly saturniids reminded Jones of something. He snapped his fingers (not unimpressive as he was still running full-tilt). "Of course! The Hattelfeldt Principle!"

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Chapter 3 by Harlander

Desideratus Hattelfeldt

on the foundations of consciousness still existed to this day, but the phrase he was most

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famous for was from a conversation otherwise lost to history. It became known as the Hattlefleidt Principle, and it went as follows:

"Grutte eveneminten al begûn mei de lytste beweging."

Which is to say, "Great events always begin from the smallest motion."

Jones and his sturdy chum were trapped in a high-walled canyon. There seemed to be no way of escaping the path of the deadly lepidopterans.

Or was there? Falconer's eagle eye caught hold of something. A jumble of rocks and other rubble completely filled a deep crevasse that lead off from the canyon. And there, at the top, a single fist-sized stone in the perfect position. "Hassocks, old chum," Jones said in a remarkably affable tone for someone fleeing for his life, "Would you mind taking a shot at that stone up there?" He pointed.

Hassocks shrugged. He knew that Jones had these odd flashes of inspiration, and they usually worked out for the best. He aimed his pistol at the rock and fired.

It jumped as the bullet ricocheted off. Then it began to roll, and bumped into the top of the pile of stones. The pile began to move, and soon the whole lot had toppled down to the canyon floor. It was a rough climb over the resulting mess, but they managed to get out of the canyon just as those deadly wings whooshed by.

"Astounding!" Hassocks exclaimed.

"A simple application of the Hattlefleidt Principle, my man," Jones replied with only a touch of swagger.

Chapter 4 by TheActor



And they were off again through the valley of red and gray. There were piles of rocks strewn everywhere across the landscape.

Hassocks turned to Jones with a look of malcontent.

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"Just how much further n

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ted thing?"

Jones laughed haughtily the way he always did. It was a sort of chuckle that would make anyone listen intently, as if they were about to hear a secret worthy of conspiracy theorists.

"Now pay attention Hassocks." Jones grinned mysteriously. "Did you really think getting to the Cave of Gods was going to be a simple task?"

"No, but-"

"No. Now you know as well as I that the Jewel of Dionysus has the means to silence all of those that laughed at us back at the Archaeological Society."

Hassocks was quiet. He knew Jones was right. When Hassocks had first approached the Archaeological Society with his map of the Cave he was met with jeers and taunts of his "foolishness". Falconer Jones had been the only one to believe him. He was his only friend throughout this entire ordeal.

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